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BOWDOIN COLLEGE BULLETIN

Memorial Addresses

and Other Tributes to

President

William DeWitt Hyde



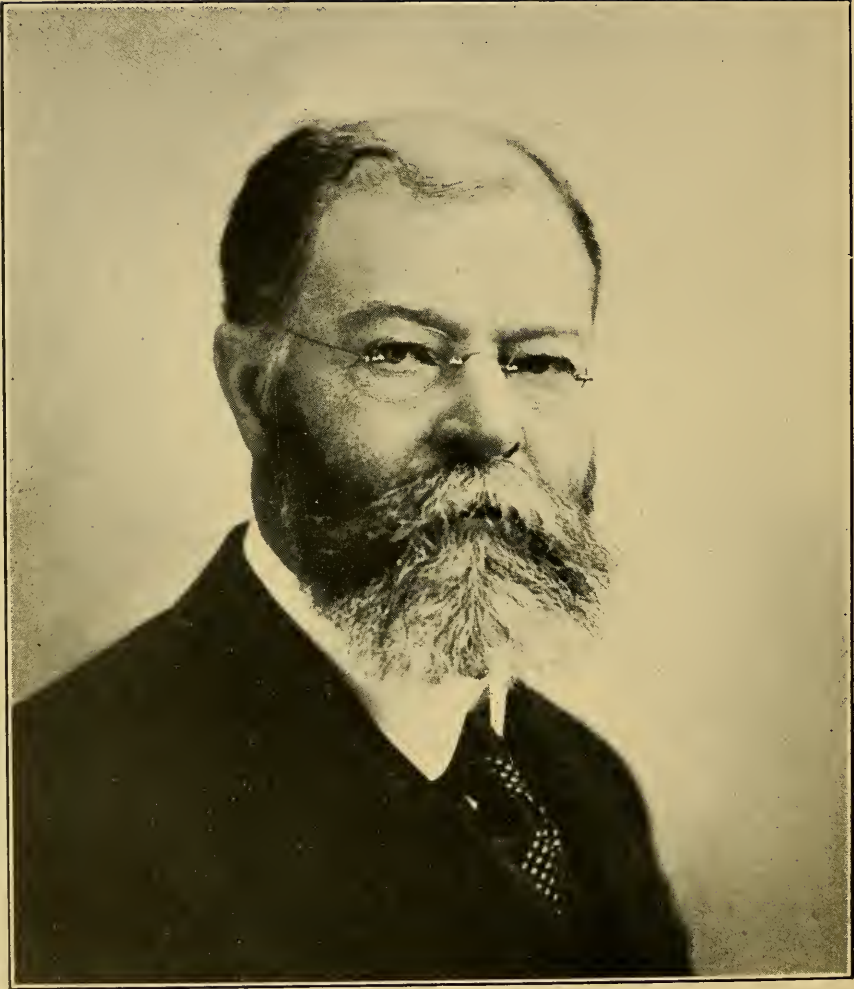
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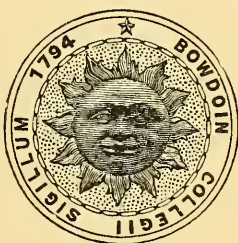
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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES



WILLIAM DeWITT HYDE

ADDRESSES
DELIVERED AT PUBLIC SERVICES
AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE, OCTOBER
TWENTY-FOURTH, NINETEEN
HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN---AND
OTHER TRIBUTES
TO THE MEMORY OF PRESIDENT
WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE



BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK, MAINE
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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ADDRESS

BY REV. SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE, D.D., LL.D.

Bowdoin College has lost a great president and gained a great memory. The workman lays down his tools, the teacher's voice grows silent, the friend passes from sight; but the work continues, the inspiration of personality remains, the friend takes on a new and mysterious power.

It is but half a year ago that the man we remember with so profound a sense of loss delivered before his fellow town-people a vigorous address on the great war, and was in the full activity of his college work. He afterwards wrote his baccalaureate sermon, though he did not deliver it. All this seems very recent—and now the change. He lives and works among us to-day as an invisible presence. We shall know him henceforth as a great and dynamic memory.

My acquaintance with President Hyde covered the entire period of his connection with the college; my more intimate association, through membership in the Board of Trustees, exactly the second half of that period. I have seen him at the council table, in the class-room, in the pulpit, on the educational platform, in the social gathering, at the public dinner, on the railway train, on the playground, at the vacation resort, and in his own home. I have known him in times of gladness and in times of trial; when the world praised him and when blame and criticism were his lot. And from no time or place in this long and varied experience do I recall any word or deed of his unworthy of a true man; but, on the contrary, many a kindly or uplifting utterance, and many an act revealing a large and generous soul. He was one and the same man everywhere and always. The warp and woof of his life were as a garment woven without seam and worn without blemish.

There are many sides to the nature of any man of vision and power. The same gift of imagination, according to the cir-

cumstances that control and direct it, will produce the poet, the novelist, the preacher, the editor, the general, the financier, or the educator. Any one of these may have, therefore, within himself something of all the rest. President Hyde was such a man, and it is unnecessary to portray every side of his life in order to show what his life was like. I will attempt nothing more than briefly to refer to him as an administrator, as a teacher, and as a man.

(1) Someone has wittily said that if you put a man in a large place one of two things will happen: either he will grow or he will swell. President Hyde grew. A man of courage and tireless energy he was never content with achievement. He followed a receding goal from horizon to horizon and at the same time developed all the prime qualities of leadership.

Every great and successful administrator is an idealist at heart. He hitches his wagon to a star. But do not misunderstand me. There are two types of idealists, as President Hyde himself has pointed out. There is the abstract idealist of whom Plato and Kant in philosophy, Matthew Arnold in poetry, Burne-Jones in painting, and William Lloyd Garrison in politics are impressive examples. No one of these, however great in other directions, could have achieved greatness as a president of Bowdoin College. There is, on the other hand, the concrete or practical idealist represented by Aristotle, Robert Browning, Abraham Lincoln, and, over and above all that ever lived, by the Son of Man himself. President Hyde was a practical idealist. He was neither absorbed in nor detached from the things of every-day life. He wandered far in the realms of philosophy and poetry and religious thought, but he had also an abounding human interest and could transmute vision into service. It was a rare union of the qualities of the man of vision and the man of action that enabled him to administer the affairs of the college and become a true leader of men.

When as a young and inexperienced minister of twenty-six he entered upon his office he found a faculty of a dozen men, a student body numbering scarcely a hundred and a score, a few buildings dating from a distant past, a depleted treasury, and an

endowment fund that was pitifully small. When he laid down his work the contrast between the college he had found and the college he left was as great and as striking as that which the Emperor Augustus produced in transforming a Rome of brick into a Rome of marble, and President Hyde had become a national figure. What he emphasized most, however, in the assets of the college, belongs with the things which cannot be weighed or measured or counted and entered upon a ledger: the spirit of scholarship and work, of good citizenship and public service, loyalty to truth and duty, reverence, courage, self-control, and every quality that helps make a man. He filled vacancies in the faculty with greatest care and then pursued the policy of non-interference. He treated students as friends and human beings, never forgetting that he had been a student himself. He left the material equipment of the college immensely increased and the imponderable values mightily intensified.

In all his administrative work, as in everything else, President Hyde exhibited a fine discrimination. The essential and the non-essential held each its appropriate place with him. They were never confused. He never mistook a fly on the window-pane for an ox in the field, and a sound judgment forbade him to squander "five dollar time on a fifty cent job." This clearness of perspective, this sense of proportion, helped him to maintain the right balance of duties and constituted one of the secrets of his power.

(2) But a life like his could never find adequate expression through administrative work alone. If he had been asked what designation for himself he preferred, I think he would have made the same choice as did the great man who signed his will, "Louis Agassiz, Teacher." There is no higher title on this earth than that of teacher. The world remembers Marcus Aurelius, Martin Luther, Jonathan Edwards, Mark Hopkins, and many another man of power not by any official position which they held as emperor, professor, or president, but by the intellectual and spiritual associations that transfigure their simple names. President Hyde will be remembered in the same way. He was preeminently the teacher, if teaching consists not

in stuffing the mind but in stirring the mind. All who knew him have felt the stimulating influence of his rare spirit. Even in ordinary conversation some large truth or some piece of practical wisdom would flash forth in a form to find permanent lodgement in the mind, as when, in referring to the ever-changing conditions which an administrative officer must be prepared to meet, whether as general in the field or as president in the college, he condensed a whole essay into the four words, "Keep your options open." He was a clear thinker and wrote lucid, forceful, and oftentimes beautiful English. He had the true literary touch and in summarization was a master. From his conversations and writings one might easily gather a volume of epigrammatic utterances worthy of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. As in the case of all great teachers we everywhere discern the ethical trend of his thought.

In the presence of the memory we cherish today I am led to ask what after all is the finest thing that can be said of any teacher? What over and above everything else should characterize the work of a college teacher, and did it characterize the work of President Hyde? Take down your Plutarch and turn to the life of Cato. You will find that that illustrious Roman in his youth had a good neighbor and friend by the name of Valerius Flaccus, of whom Plutarch wrote, that he possessed "the singular power of discerning excellence in the bud and also the disposition to foster and advance it." The world, always busy with its own affairs, never discerns excellence in the bud; it seldom discerns it in the flower, or even in the fruit until after a long time. But here was a man who possessed the quick eye and the fostering disposition which drew out the latent excellence, the "imprisoned splendor," from his young friend and so fulfilled the highest function of the teacher's art. In order to modernize, or, I might say, to Bowdoinize, this incident, you have only to substitute the name of some Bowdoin student for that of the youthful Cato, and in place of Valerius Flaccus write William DeWitt Hyde. I have more than once heard President Hyde speak of Professor George H. Palmer as his spiritual father. In the same way many a Bowdoin man

will look back to President Hyde as the source of his awakening and the inspiring cause of his success.

(3) It only remains for me to speak of President Hyde as a man. Indeed I have been doing that very thing from the start. Behind his every utterance and his every act we behold the man with his abounding life, his rapid step, the vigorous tone of his voice, his hearty laugh, and his ever-cordial manner; the man of insight and humor, of scholarly taste and literary appreciation, of moral earnestness and spiritual force, who always appealed to the best in others and harbored neither personal resentment nor vain regret; the man of courage, patience, and hope, who looked forward and not back, up and not down, and was ever ready to lend a hand.

There is a portrait of President Hyde which hangs in the Walker Art Building. Another portrait with which you are also familiar exists in the thoughts and ideas of his published books. The former presents little more than his outward lineaments; the latter shows you that inner life we call the soul, or the very man himself. The other day I re-read Hawthorne's story of "The Great Stone Face." You will recall the legend that when a man should arrive in the valley with features resembling those on the mountain wall it would mean a blessing to all the region. A lad by the name of Ernest began to scan the face of every stranger that appeared. Each time he was disappointed. He found no face like the great stone face. He continued his search from childhood to age. But all in vain. In the meanwhile he had lived an increasingly useful life; he became a preacher of truth, and one day when he was addressing an assemblage of the people in the open air at the hour of sunset, as his custom long had been, he stood where they could see his profile and that of the face upon the gray cliff at the same time. Suddenly a man in the audience, noting the resemblance, threw up his arms and cried, "Ernest is himself the likeness of the great stone face." You have already anticipated the use I wish to make of this simple story. The last book written by President Hyde—his sunset message to us all—bears the title, "The Best Man I Know." In this book, as with vary-

ing degrees of distinctness in all his books, he points to an ideal of manhood—something revealed above us in the realm of the unattained and typefied by the great kindly human face seen against the sky in Hawthorne's story. And we cannot miss the resemblance now between his own features and that ideal. Unconsciously he has portrayed himself.

I know of no man who has more truly embodied the five great philosophies of life, or rather the five things which he has so well described as required by those philosophies collectively taken for every best life, namely, the Epicurean regard for pleasure, the Platonic subordination of lower to higher, the Aristotelian sense of proportion, the Stoic self-control under law, and, preeminently, the Christian spirit of love.

And now he has gone. The teacher has bowed his head and the class is dismissed. The preacher has finished his "finally" and ceased to speak. We shall never see him in this place again. I did not dream the end so near, though over a year ago he said to me, with a touch of sorrow in his voice—referring to the necessary curtailment of his appointments to preach or lecture—"I shall have to be judged by what I have done rather than by anything more I can do."

He lived a full life while yet a long way from the threescore years and ten, illustrating Cicero's remark that it is not necessary for an actor to remain through the entire play in order to show whether he acts well or ill. President Hyde acted well his part. Whatever he did was done with thoroughness, with conscience, and with a clear vision of the goal; results he left to a higher power. It is not without significance that his last words should have been: "Don't worry—don't worry about anything." And we shall honor him best, as Tacitus said in reference to Agricola, not by tears, but by following his example.

Laurels to those that win them: therefore bring
Laurels for him, not tears, although his face
We see no more forever in this place,
Nor hear again the voice that used to ring
With many a noble utterance. Let us cling

Memorial Addresses

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To one high purpose still through time and space,
Remembering with what dignity and grace
He walked life's ways among us like a king.
With other work in other worlds afar
This God-commissioned man dared not delay,
After his task was ended, where we are.
Crown then his memory, and rejoice today
That in his journeying from star to star,
He, scattering only blessings, passed this way.

ADDRESS

BY EDWARD PAGE MITCHELL, LITT.D.

Not very long after the young pastor of a New Jersey church had been bidden to his life's work on this campus, it happened to me to be present at a dinner of college men near the field of Mr. Hyde's early ministry. It was not a gathering of Bowdoin alumni, but pan-collegiate. I was perhaps the only product of Bowdoin there that evening, and it was due to this circumstance, no doubt, that several of those who had known President Hyde during his two years in Paterson—intelligent men of his own and other professions who had known him intimately enough to ascertain the texture of his intellect, to measure the dynamic value of his character, and to estimate with some accuracy the potentialities of his heart and his brain—came curiously inquiring about the mystery of the young man's selection. The wonder they expressed was not that such a man should be deemed fit for the place to which he was called by Bowdoin; the wonder in their friendly minds was that Bowdoin should have found him. By what marvel of discernment, or by what extraordinary benefaction of fortunate chance, had the searchlight operated by the elective body away down near the eastern horizon, seeking a successor to General Chamberlain who should combine the traditional qualities of sane conservatism with a vigorous and manly personality and an unerring appreciation of all that was best and most progressive in the modern methods—how came it that that searchlight fixed its exacting rays upon this particular pulpit in Paterson, worthily but not very conspicuously occupied by a youth of twenty-six, recently from the theological school, without experience as an educator, without established reputation for practical ability, without even a single revealing book to the credit of his authorship, and, except in a circle of small diameter, without recognition at that time as a thinker of real thoughts and a doer of great things.

I could not tell them then how it came about that William DeWitt Hyde had been chosen for president of Bowdoin College. I could not answer the question now, almost a third of a century later. I wish I could. In the enchainment of events the little links that sometimes mean the most are nigh invisible. The secret of that splendid choice in the year 1885 may be no secret to some here to-day, better versed in the chapter of origins than is the person now speaking; or, on the other hand, it may be buried out of sight beneath the structure of justification and accomplishment which we all behold so plainly. But in the case of decisions momentous in consequences few there are that do not proceed, if the facts were known, from the initiative of a single individual. Whether there is record or not of the name of the son or the friend of the Bowdoin of old who primarily indicated the exact whereabouts of the man formed and destined for the making of the Bowdoin now mourning President Hyde while rejoicing in him, let us accord an exalted place in the roll of the college's benefactors to the discoverer, known or forgotten, who first had the wit to perceive, the insight to diagnose and the courage to propose that somewhat daring experiment.

In the intervening years it has been my privilege to be with and to talk with Dr. Hyde not many times. I cannot hope to add an iota, even by indirection, to that high appreciation of what he was and did, that perfect cognizance which comes from daily intercourse in the fulness of love and entire understanding, and which fills this room today with sorrow and with gladness. I am conscious that I must speak inadequately, unless there be things worth saying in that which can be said from the viewpoint of the middle distance.

Yet even from the middle distance, even, I believe, from much further back, there never was a sense of remotness, of indistinctness of outline or of low visibility. Can I describe, in a crude way, one of the chief accidents of his character by saying that the picture, mental and moral as well as physical, evoked by the words "Hyde of Bowdoin" has always seemed near to the eye, and seems so now? There are personalities so

vivid, there is vitality so intense, so magnetically alert, that, as Motley said of Henry of Navarre, at the very mention of the name the figure seems to leap from the mists of the past, instinct with ruddy, vigorous life. There are natures that persistently refuse to be conditioned either in time or in space; and whether at Cambridge or at New Haven, at Princeton, or Wellesley, or Poughkeepsie, or on Morningside Heights, or Chicago, or even Berkeley or Palo Alto, one might have observed long ago and through all the years that significant feeling of nearness wherever and whenever men concerned with the things that so deeply concerned him spoke or asked about what Hyde of Bowdoin was doing down by the rising sun.

It seems so short a time since he turned his face and his heart hitherward from Paterson; and yet the interval measures more than a quarter, and only less than a third of the whole span of this college's honorable and useful existence. It exceeds by five years the historic period of Dr. Leonard Woods' long presidency—Dr. Leonard Woods, perhaps of all college executives the gentlest of spirit as he certainly was the most Johnsonian of vocabulary. It exceeds by fifteen years—that is, it almost doubles—the term of Dr. William Allen's active service, interrupted as it was by political interference in the strenuous partisanship of the early thirties; Dr. William Allen, the chronicler of "Remarkable Shipwrecks" and the writer of hymns distinguished by Watts-like fervor and a telegraphic, syncopated style which so abhorred the little particles of speech that it discarded them whenever possible. It almost exactly equals in duration the combined terms of the four other presidents of Bowdoin: McKeen, the first of the illustrious line, the first and last to administer Bowdoin's affairs in the dignity of the beribboned queue—amiable theologian, of whose tenets Dr. Nehemiah Cleaveland discreetly remarks that he was "not quite orthodox in the opinion of some of his parishioners, nor so liberal in his theological views as others would have liked"—a dilemma not unique in the experience of those who attempt to uphold the torch in the presence of the multitude; Jesse Appleton, excellent preceptor and rigid disciplinarian, of whom

with similar tact the same shrewd contemporary witness from the Class of 1813 noted that it was "not easy to avoid a feeling that the cases of summary punishment bore an undue proportion to the whole number of students;" Samuel Harris, metaphysician and superb preacher, president in my own time, of whose unexcelled power in pulpit or classroom to render the abstruse crystal clear by means of felicitous concrete illustrations I can testify even from the very depths of the vague, opaque and lumpy residuum of what used to be considered an education in the philosophies and the moralities; Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, soldier of the Union, statesman, noble American gentleman; all four of them together achieved a total of service only one year longer than the period, crowded with results, during which he who now rests yonder behind the first line of pines labored and builded here for Bowdoin.

There are fading faces in the portrait gallery of our college. The number of the living who can visualize sharply the features of even the later of the series is becoming woefully small. As the mind runs back along the procession of worthies who preceded Dr. Hyde, it grasps instinctively at any trait, or characteristic, or tradition, or incident, however trivial, that helps to make human any one of them and to differentiate him from the standardized, conventional figure of a college president which in academic history is sooner or later made to do duty as an algebraic symbol for them all.

But this one, the Boy President, affectionately so styled when his career here began—and how quickly he came to maturity!—what would those earlier presidents and faculties, modern themselves in their own time, have thought of the intimate blending in this Boy President of the philosopher, the friend, and the practical man of affairs? Would they have looked on him dubiously as a materialist in education, a worldly force rather than the austere prelate and spiritual scourge which according to precedent he ought to have been? How, for example, would they have regarded that astonishingly frank avowal, in the introduction which President Hyde wrote years ago for Mr. Minot's collection of "Tales of Bowdoin," that he

had no use for the old theory which "treated students as boys under parental discipline;" and that he discerned the stuff of goodness latent even in those extremely boisterous and oftentimes devilish manifestations of perverted energy which had so greatly annoyed and perplexed his predecessors doing police duty on the Bowdoin campus for threescore years and more, and which had caused so many of them, doubtless, to grow bald while they were yet young? Here was a new conception of the preceptorial relation; a new presidential policy and attitude towards student life in general and student depravity in particular. Here was a Bowdoin president openly proclaiming that he and his associates of the faculty, instead of exercising lordship over the private affairs of the spirited and restive youth listed in the catalogue, were to be considered as the conservators of the manly freedom of student life; in his own words, borrowed from St. Paul, as "the helpers of their joy," and even as their co-judges, inviting them to co-jurisdiction in cases of their own sinning.

The dignity and sincerity with which President Hyde dealt with one of the toughest problems of college administration, the transformation in student standards of morality and demeanor wrought by his direct personal inspiration, must be recognized in even the most desultory survey of that which he did for Bowdoin. And so easily and naturally did he bring the momentous change about, and so generally are its results now accepted as matter of course, like the grass on the campus, or the needles in the pines, or the falling waters of the Androscoggin, that the magnitude of the job can scarcely be sensed except from that middle distance which I have already ventured to preempt.

The far-reaching movement that in about a quarter of a century revolutionized the ideas and transformed the ordinances of Academia began with President Eliot's experiments before young Hyde entered Harvard. Many men of insight and power besides President Hyde have ranked in the High Command of that educational movement. Few there are, I think, still speaking from the middle distance, in any quarter who will

deny to the Bowdoin president his right to primacy among its practical exponents and eloquent spokesmen. For perhaps no great teacher that has thought and taught in recent times has put the whole philosophy of his thinking, the entire science and art of his teaching and the magic of his personal influence into a clearer, completer code than is contained in the dozen or dozen and half volumes in which the soul and brain of Dr. Hyde will continue to endure while printer's ink performs its function. His books and published addresses, ending with that lofty appeal to patriotism, that scarcely equaled brief statement of America's reasons for entering the world war and America's duty in the war, pronounced with failing breath not far from this place only a few weeks before the voice obeyed the summons of silence—these remarkable writings constitute a monument to his greatness on the spiritual side, just as the stones and bricks of the college's beautiful new architecture and the vastly strengthened foundations of its material establishment perpetuate the memory of the prodigious, sagacious, and practical energy of his work for Bowdoin. I think it impossible for the most detached or even the least sympathetic critic to inspect the considerable product of his literary activity during his life in Brunswick without a growing admiration of his mastery of English prose. The style is limpid, flexible, elegant in its unaffected naturalness, tolerant of unexpected and often humorous homeliness, striking the right word and flashing the unimprovable phrase as unerringly as the mind guiding the pen shaped the main thought into clarity and steered it on a straight course through subtle distinctions and difficult analysis.

A fit vehicle was Dr. Hyde's English style for the probity of thought, the passionate love of truth; the passionate scorn of all kinds of baseness, all sorts of mean spiritedness, the honest courage of utterance, the precision and profound simplicity of the intellectual processes that throughout his life made their way to other minds in ceaseless output by means of that truly lovely instrument of expression. In the larger aspect, this gift of good writing was perhaps a minor attendant of his genius; but it would be easier to underestimate than to exaggerate the im-

portance of the factor in his influence as an educator, a moralist, and a maker of Americans.

For the student, he erected above the psychology of the mere intellect the higher psychology of the heart and of conduct. Ethics with him meant always practical ethics, idealism meant always practical idealism, theology generally meant social theology, the everlasting quest of mind meant the quest of the best. And if we were to scour all his books for a single utterance typical of what he was and did, I think we might find it in these fifteen words conveying in pregnant formula his philosophy of right thinking and right living: "Acceptance of anything other than the Best, after the Best is once known, is sin."

He has come and gone. He came neither too early nor too late. He came at the right moment for Bowdoin, for the effective bestowal of that intellect ardent yet ordered, that heart full of blood, and that boundless personal enthusiasm for the right he brought hither from the Paterson pulpit thirty-two years ago. He brought into college administration and into the college atmosphere the best of the Twentieth Century spirit; and this full fifteen years before the Nineteenth ended. Though we many think merited things of such a man and of the stupendous total of his doing, when we try to phrase our sentiments in vocables or in print they seem to congeal. He left an institution greatly modified in many important respects, an establishment vastly benefited by his presence and work; but, after all, in all essentials the same Bowdoin, to remain the same

When years have clothed the lines in moss
That tell our names and day—

the same dear old school of the humanities and of individual effort, the same mother, serene and sempiternal.

ADDRESS

BY REV. ALFRED WILLIAMS ANTHONY, D.D., LL.D.

When a man passes beyond a certain mark in our esteem and admiration, we cease to analyze his qualities and we no longer think of him in terms of judgment, or of criticism. Scarcely a man would think of forming a critical judgment of his mother.

William DeWitt Hyde with us in Maine had passed out of the domain of criticism. Few people in the state needed to be told who he was, what he could accomplish, or what his qualities were. He was simply "President Hyde," and that designation expressed a mature and deliberate judgment, based upon thirty-two years of acquaintance and testing,—practically a generation of activity and fellowship. That designation carried confidence and esteem. It was not open to most of us to review "President Hyde!" Whatever he approved, was known to be genuine and good; whatever he said, was spoken for the public welfare, and was at once recognized as worthy of attention and heed. Of a very small number of the ablest and leading men in the state,—not to exceed a half-dozen in number,—President Hyde would be mentioned in any list, prepared by almost any person, whether educator, minister, statesman, business man or politician, as one,—perhaps the leading one.

He was outstanding as an educator, as a clergyman, and as an author. While preeminently an educator during his residence in the state, he never ceased to be a minister of the gospel, an exponent and preacher of righteousness, and a wise administrator in ecclesiastical affairs. Although an educator and clergyman in the foremost rank, yet doubtless his fame is most widely spread and best secured, even in the state, because of the books he published and the pamphlets and articles for magazines and papers which issued from his pen.

Of what sort of stuff was this man, our friend, "President Hyde," composed? Can we pick apart and point out a bit those

excellencies which made him known and endeared him to us in Maine? If we essay the task we must affirm at once that his chief and liveliest interest was in *real life*. His dominating passion was to see things as they are, and yet not things alone, but things as related to human beings. He taught philosophy, he thought to no small degree in philosophic terms, he expounded systems of philosophy, his books, engaged with philosophic themes, bore titles of a philosophical or theological cast,—such as “Practical Ethics,” “Practical Idealism,” “Outlines of Social Theology,” “Sin and its Forgiveness,” “God’s Education of Man,” and “Jesus’ Way,”—yet he wandered off into no abstruse or abstract speculations, he lost himself in no mists or mazes of recondite conceptions and phrases, he soared aloof over no man’s head. He was interested in man. If he thought about man it was not simply to consider man as an object of contemplation; he thought about man always with keen interest in man himself, and in man’s betterment. Listen again to the titles of some of his books, “*Practical Ethics*,” “*Practical Idealism*,” “*Outlines of Social Theology*,” “*Sin and its Forgiveness*,” “*God’s Education of Man*,” “*Jesus’ Way*.” He always had an emphasis upon human life and human welfare, and all the vital interests which make society, and make it better. Nothing human seemed to him foreign. Can any one of us name in this, or in any other State a man whose enthusiasm and devotion to character-building and to social improvement were greater than his?

Perhaps the controlling, dominating characteristic of our friend was intellectual honesty. Directness, it might be called, in thought and speech and action. He always struck for the center of things with few words and with little delay. His mind worked in straight courses. It was a pleasure to see him analyze a situation. He seemed to discriminate almost intuitively between the factitious and superficial on the one hand, and the essential and fundamental on the other. I have not seen him with a group of students, as I have in an ecclesiastical gathering, penetrate the hollow phrases of impotent excuses, sweep away the indirectness of inconsequential trivialities, and go straight

through a mass of circumlocutions which were intended to conceal conditions, or disguise responsibility, or divert attention from a tender or a hazardous approach to the facts, but I venture to believe that his hold upon the student body, as upon men in the state, was due in no small degree, perhaps pre-eminently, to his ability to see straight and think straight, and get at the heart of men and things.

When he presided in any kind of a gathering, although never lacking in courtesy and that delicate finesse which marks the perfect gentleman so born and not studiously created, he carried business directly along upon its appointed way with his eye single and with his thoughts concerned for the things in hand. And yet he was not oblivious to other and distracting considerations. His directness was not that of narrowness. It was rather the directness of clearness, both of intellect and will. Seeing the thing which required attention, he attended to it. He saw other things; he could pause for by-play and side issues, to see, to enjoy, to understand, but he did not stay with them, he was not confused by them, he was not lost in the midst of them, he went straight onward. Few men, when presiding over a deliberative body, could guide the assembly more directly, more safely and sanely, to wise decisions in matters of great moment than could he.

If one takes up at random any book or article he ever wrote one will find it an almost perfect example of lucidity and clearness. His faculty of explanation was marked. Out of a rich and varied vocabulary he seemed capable almost instantly of selecting the word which expressed precisely the thought intended in the place where it was put. As a phrase-maker few were his equal, because of this ability to see clearly with an even poise of judgment the shades of meaning, and the antithesis of thought expressed in words nearly alike but slightly differing. He has rendered the service several times of gathering up and putting into phrases, either as a declaration of belief, or as a statement of principles, or as a prayer, the sentiments and the conviction of people at times of crises and great experiences. The Editor of The Congregationalist par-

ticularly, as well as other editors, have turned to him for this service.

President Hyde will rank to-day, when rightly appraised, I think, as one of Maine's greatest teachers. I do not mean now teacher in the pedagogical sense,—that was his profession,—but as an exponent and expounder of new and unfamiliar thought to mankind. His teaching, both formal, in public address and private conversation,—and I venture to believe in the college classroom,—as well as through his books, was constructive, progressive and comprehensive. His was a new message, for he was a new theologian, and yet he did not ruthlessly destroy, for he imparted to men a fuller measure of truth in truer proportion and in better relations, and so helped them construct a new faith. He was a new educationalist, for he did not follow the beaten path, nor repeat time-worn formulas, nor continue antiquated and inefficient methods; and yet he abandoned nothing essential and real for educational experiment and novelty. He was far from being a theorist or faddist; he constructively wrought into his educational policy and praxis new plans and new expedients, fitted to a new day, but not as experiments to be tested and abolished. Already before the actual introduction he seems to have tested the new methods and the new policies in his clear-seeing mind.

He was a new sociologist for his interest was in human society. The new society which he saw coming, which he sought to explain to men and helped them to realize, was the Kingdom of Christ. He thought and taught in terms of humanity. Although individuals are related in his teaching directly to God, and there is a salvation secured by a single soul alone, yet the salvation of society as an organism, varied, complex, far-reaching, was in his thought and constituted a part of his message to men. Daily life needed reconstruction; he saw it, he proclaimed it; and daily life, which should have a new motive and a new goal, hallowed and holy in the spirit of human fellowship and Divine leadership, must be reformed and rightly lived in the home, in toil, in trade, in industry, in recreation, in amusements, in art, in social relations, in politics, in govern-

ment, indeed in every manner of contact between individuals and classes and races. He thought and planned in terms of social conduct and human welfare.

He was a new thinker. He abhorred cant, he uncovered sham and pretence, he unmasked hypocrisy; yet he was never what could be called, "a reformer." He used no extreme measures, either of speech or action. His thinking was real thought, not emotion projected at men under the guise of thoughtfulness; feeling did not run away with him; he felt, but he was not emotional; it was not his characteristic to be torn by passion, and then to rant and rave at error or wrong. When error or wrong was discovered by him it was his custom, dispassionately, to investigate the causes, and to undertake a remedy at the seat of the disorder, first in the minds of men by thinking through and setting forth the new conceptions, the new ideals and the new purposes which men should entertain. The practical bearing of his thinking was always uppermost in his mind. If ethics is "the science of right conduct and character," then our friend should be termed preeminently an ethicist, rather than a theologian or a sociologist. In thought he never wandered off far from man, or the consideration of what was good for man.

The interests of President Hyde were exceedingly broad. No one ever regarded him,—at least in this state,—as simply a Congregationalist; nor was he President of Bowdoin College alone; nor did men look upon him as an educator only. If there was a vacancy in the United States Senate it seemed the most appropriate thing to men of all parties, without once inquiring into his own party affiliation, if indeed he had definite party connections, that his name should be mentioned for the vacancy, and, if he would consent to serve, that he should be appointed to the position. Any occasion, whether educational or ecclesiastical, under the auspices of any denomination or of no denomination, was graced by his presence and aided by his counsel; and, until very recent years, when an over-taxed mind and body showed unmistakable signs of weariness and exhaustion, he responded, with signal self-forgetfulness and unstinted generosity of time

and strength, to invitations in every direction and upon almost every kind of an occasion, provided only it was for the common good.

His avid mind caught eagerly at suggestions from any source which promised, under direction and development, to bring improvement in methods and plans. When in the spring of 1890 President Hyde at the State Congregational Conference heard read a letter of greeting from the delegate of the Maine Methodist Conference, who was unable to bring greetings in person, he noted the value of a suggestion that the denominations of Maine, in the prosecution of their home missionary work, ought not, in competition and strife, to struggle with each other for place and preferment in the little communities too small to support more than one church, if indeed that. But he went further than to feel a mere passing emotion, or to give simply an intellectual assent to the proposition; he secured from his own denominational body the appointment of a Committee on Conference; he took the initiative and the responsibility in inviting representatives of other denominations to meet with those of his own in a college building in Brunswick; and then with rare tact and judgment, having thought out the purposes and processes of an interdenominational organization, he with his associates set in motion the machinery which in 1891 brought together at Waterville accredited representatives of the five leading denominations in Maine,—Congregational, Christian, Baptist, Free Baptist, and Methodist; and then was created the Interdenominational Commission of Maine, the first federation, or inter-church organization, within a state, to be formed in the United States, if not in the world. He more than any other was the evangel and the apostle of this new movement. In one of the great monthlies of the time he published an article which showed the need and the wisdom of such combination and federation of forces,—an article entitled "The Impending Paganism of New England." On platform and in the press he gave voice to the ideals, indistinct in the minds of other men, which, when expressed, met with general approval. From the first day to this he has been the first and the only

President of the Interdenominational Commission of Maine; and his gracious and companionable presence, his irenic and sagacious temperament, his clear thinking and right phrasing, have contributed more to the Kingdom of Christ in this state, through the quiet, and comparatively unknown work and influence of this commission, than I can tell you, or we to-day can realize. From his position as President of the Interdenominational Commission of Maine has been exerted a steady pressure of influence which has tended to keep men from their littlenesses, from their petty bigotries, from their party and sectarian rivalries, and from the waste of resources of men and means which have been consecrated to high purposes. He has been the very heart, the very genius of the movement, and out from this state, moving along lines parallel to, and joining with, impulses of other men in other states, have gone the ideals which have helped prepare the way for the great centralizing tendencies so manifest and so dominant in our country, already expressed in a Federation of Churches and Christian Workers, in an Inter-Church Conference, in a Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, indeed, in a World Conference on Faith and Order. These movements, although not consecutive, nor related in historic sequence, are nevertheless expressions of spiritual influences which found expression in definite and positive form first here in Maine, and were made workable for the first time under that genius of our friend for putting things into practical operation. If it were possible to evaluate correctly spiritual forces and the far-reach of influence I would like to tell you how far the impulses toward Christian coöperation and unity have been sent by William DeWitt Hyde through what he has said and done in and by the Interdenominational Commission of Maine. The platform of principles upon which this organization started out has been repeated in New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Michigan, Utah, indeed across the continent; and this statement of principles has become a classic in the domain of ecclesiastical state federations.

President Hyde gave the movement for Rural Betterment his enthusiastic endorsement and support. He would bring into

vital and sympathetic coöperation the great socializing and humanizing agencies of the church, the school, and the grange; he would have men of religion exponents of the best in every line of legitimate human interest; he would have the church and the school coöperating with the grange for better farming, better industry, coöperative trading, improved highways, indeed for everything which could promote community prosperity and happiness. A conference upon these subjects, held under his chairmanship in 1910, catching his catholicity of spirit and devotion, set before the state its comprehensive ideals, and was not in vain although followed up by no permanent organization.

On his invitation a company of educators, entertained by Bowdoin College, met in Brunswick at one time and organized The School Masters' Club of Maine, which, had it remained by the ideals given it by President Hyde, would have been eminently worth while as a center of fellowship and inspiration for all the leading educators of the state.

As I look back over the life of President Hyde, known to me with some degree of intimacy, and admired beyond my gift of words to declare, I am almost content to say of him three simple things, and sum his life up in these phrases:—

First, he was straightforward, intellectually, socially, ethically.

Second, he was interested, above all else, in human welfare. This is what the word "practical" meant to him. Was a thing practical? Then it must work for social improvement and human betterment.

Third, he was irenic, comprehensive, inclusive, for he was preeminently a catholic man. Of him it can well be said as though he spoke,

"My friend, because of doubt,
Drew a circle and shut me out;
But I, with larger vision, had the wit to win;
I drew a larger circle and closed him in."

I think there is no educational institution in the state, no church amongst us, no class or condition of men to whom he

was at all known, which would not join us, gratefully and reverently, in these three terms of appraisement:—

He was a man of lucidity ;
He was a man of humanity ;
He was a man of catholicity.

And to say these things of him is to say that he was President Hyde as we knew him.

CHAPEL ADDRESS

September 23, 1917.

BY DEAN KENNETH CHARLES MORTON SILLS, LL.D.

Here in the chapel which he loved so well and whence his words have so often gone forth to exercise an influence nationwide, by a strange co-incidence on the anniversary of his birth, we are gathered this afternoon to pay our tribute of affection and of gratitude to the memory of that great leader, who on the 29th day of last June, "at the noontide of the day and of his life," laid down his earthly burdens. It seems but yesterday that he was here with us advising, guiding, controlling, his eager spirit steadfast until the end to push forward and to achieve. It were futile within these walls to utter words that would be formed in the fashion of eulogy. His work, more enduring than monuments of bronze, is far too great for any praise of ours. All that we can do is to think, each one of us, of his influence on our own lives and on the college. At times in the history of an institution, as in the history of a nation, a great man arises and makes the period under his mastery epochal. Such terms President Hyde would be the first to resent if used about himself; and yet those of us who have studied closely the history of the college realize even now that when her work shall be finally assessed he will be acclaimed as one who helped, more than any other single person in his time, to make her great.

But on such an occasion as this it is not on the wide and national scope of the president's life and influence that we would dwell; rather, in the quiet intimacy of this chapel service we should aim to recall characteristics of the man himself, apart from his fame; for fame, after all, is a vain and fleeting attribute of any man. The things that make the man himself, these abide. The quality that separates greatness from mediocrity has never been defined. There was in President Hyde that

intangible, elusive quality, that quiet distinction, that marks the unusual; to analyze it is as unnecessary as to take to pieces a perfect flower. But we may see in part whence this greatness came; for had it not been based on enduring qualities it would pass like snow before the sun. First of all, there was intellectual insight. A friend of the president said once that he had the most active brain with which he had ever come in contact. His whole career in school, and college, and seminary, in the university and in his long presidency here, was marked by brilliance of mental achievement. Every one of you who has sat at his feet in the classroom or listened to his talks here in chapel, knows how keen was his power to start other minds thinking. I remember his address at the first Sunday chapel last year, on Cain and Abel and the social responsibility of man to his brother. "There are 400 Abels here, and probably 25 Cains," was the forceful opening sentence. On another occasion—"Life is like a relay race; don't be discouraged if your side loses, provided you have done your best." Very many of us have stored in memory such aphorisms, brilliant, keen, full of insight into human need.

And there was his courage, the moral courage of a man sure of himself and of the rectitude of his position. He never flinched from taking a stand. Like a wise man he would count the cost first, but he did not fear unpopularity. This quality always gave a ringing tone to his messages and to his sermons. Errors of judgment there might have been; though these were few, so keen was his insight into men and into affairs; but uncertainty, hesitation, and side-stepping were entirely foreign to his actions as to his character.

Notable, too, was the president's liberalizing power. On men hide-bound by tradition, on situations stagnant and befogged with precedents, his words of advice would come with all the refreshing force of our clear northwest wind after murky days. Many a student at Bowdoin has had his thoughts freed and started on adventurous journeys from casual words spoken by the president or from pregnant sentences from his books. Nor did this power stop with individuals. Few of us here and now

can realize how great was the influence he exerted on the liberation of our College; conserving with wisdom all that was best in the old, urging such reforms as would keep Bowdoin always in the liberal ranks. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It was this freedom he preached in season and out of season, the freedom that comes from the knowledge of the truth and from following the will of God. The closing stanza of his hymn, sung at his funeral, leaves this thought as if it were his valedictory:

"Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar;
The will to win it makes us free."

I sometimes feel that the president had that burning love of freedom that is characteristic of our race at its best; that was present with the Vikings faring over the seas; that moved the Barons at Runnymede; that stirred in the hearts of the Puritans here in New England. It is a priceless possession, and especially to youth an inspiring legacy.

And all these qualities blended in the great teacher. For it is, after all, as a teacher that his work is most enduring. Executive and administrative gifts are not uncommon amongst us Americans; we take by nature to business and to direction. President Hyde was, to be sure, an unusually wise executive; he selected men carefully, he delegated powers skilfully; he made men responsible and then left them alone. But important as these qualities are, they pale their ineffectual fires before the teacher's power which brings thoughts and ideas, and policies and actions home to men's business and to their bosoms. In the classroom the president, in his inimitable way, drew from his vast stores of learning and experience questions for discussion and solution. Few slept in his room; the idlest was often stirred to mental energy, the most industrious was challenged every hour. From this place so many Sunday afternoons more effectually than did any of the famous college preachers from outside, he taught us in the things of the spirit; here, again,

suggesting and challenging, rather than solving and concluding.

And then through his books he taught a wider audience of men and women all over the country who recognized in him a true leader,—the prophet of righteousness.

And now that he is gone, so strong was his personality, so firm his hold on faith, so vital his inspiring influence, that even in our sorrow and loss we recognize the note of triumph. His own words, so often spoken of others, come back to us, re-echoing in our hearts, and we know the truth that we learned of him that the eternal qualities of personal influence live on and on in the lives and thoughts of countless other men. The greater love he showed forth in a life of toil and of service. He knew the joys of life, and its sorrows, and he looked forward even to the end, with undiminished hope. "Don't worry, don't worry about anything," were his last words. He had furthermore the satisfaction of giving himself completely to his task and to this college. Nothing could lure him from Bowdoin. Offers of distinction, among them a United States Senatorship, became mere opportunities for refusal. He stuck to his task, man-fashion, to the end.

And now we say Hail and Farewell to that magnanimous spirit. In that deep silence which our words cannot reach his soul abides, and inspires faith and confidence in ourselves and in the future of the college for which he richly lived and in whose service he died.

A few years since, when he had completed twenty-five years in the presidency of the college, the following lines were written for him by one of our members :

Not that you found her brick and made her stone—
Dear are the bricks from which her beauty rose;
Not that her fame through yours more widely grows—
Sufficient is her fame unto her own;
Not that from words well said and wisely sown
Much ripened fruit these many years disclose
And still from horn-of-plenty much outflows;
Her debt to you is not for these alone.

Bowdoin College

But for those deeper things that make the man,
Courage that seeks not vain and human praise,
Patience that passes idle carping by,
And gift of self, that only gift that can
To greatest height man's greatest talents raise
And blend them in the realms beyond the sky.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF COLBY COLLEGE

ARTHUR JEREMIAH ROBERTS, A. M.

President Hyde was a great and good man who realized in his daily life the ethical ideals which he held up before successive generations of students and an ever increasing multitude of readers. It might truly be said of him as Thackeray said of Washington Irving,—Of his works, his life was the best part.

On more than one occasion in recent years I have turned to President Hyde for counsel and advice, and the gracious friendliness of his assistance will always remain a cherished memory.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF BATES COLLEGE

GEORGE COLBY CHASE, D.D., LL.D.

The coming of William DeWitt Hyde to Maine in 1885 was epochal, not only to Bowdoin College but to our State. He was at once accepted as a leader and in the thirty-two years of his official life his leadership was never challenged. His rare scholarship, broad vision, independence in thought, uncompromising convictions, keen sense of social and civic responsibility, and absorbing devotion to great moral and spiritual interests, won the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, whether as educator, speaker, writer, or citizen. His work abides in enlarged resources, higher standards of character, scholarship, and service, and enhanced reputation for Bowdoin College. It abides, also, in the clearer conception of the meaning and uses of life imparted to thousands who never looked into his kindly eyes or felt the charm of his gracious personality.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

ROBERT JUDSON ALEY, PH.D., LL.D.

We appreciate the great worth of President Hyde not only to the Bowdoin family of students and scholars, but also to students and scholars everywhere. We all miss him. We all honor him. We all have profited by his splendid life of service and by his clear teaching of righteousness.

FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ACADEMICAL FACULTY OF
THE COLLEGE

The passing of a president of Bowdoin College in the prime of life, yet after a distinguished service of more than thirty years, in whose term of office all but two of the present Faculty were brought into that body, comes near to being an alteration in the very course of nature, an alteration whose full meaning can but slowly come to light. To record the sense of loss in the death of President Hyde is to bring with renewed force to mind that vivid figure—vigorous, alert, genial, clean-spirited, full of hope, full of courage; self-effacing before his ideals; toward Bowdoin men tireless in concern for their moral insight and their individual welfare; their judge, kind but keen; slow to condemn, but swift and strong to resist the evil he discerned. Yet the more intimate loss to the Faculty is that of a man who in a singular degree commanded their loyalty, a loyalty remarkable indeed to one who did not know how soundly it was based—on the confidence and departmental freedom he accorded to his teachers; in the personal interest in their private welfare which never allowed the college to stand in the way of their advancement to other posts of usefulness and thereby won to Bowdoin an allegiance that a narrow policy would have lost; on the wisdom with which in administrative matters and the choice of teachers, he gave the Faculty consultative powers that were in spirit Faculty control, without its constitutional machinery. Such a loyalty, thus soundly based, it is meet that loyalty record. It is the guarantee that in the continuing Bowdoin a spirit like his will inform that vigorous future which without his notable labors might long hence have been delayed.

FROM THE RECORDS OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY

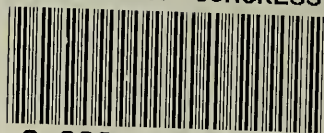
William DeWitt Hyde began his service as President of the Bowdoin Medical School thirty-two years ago. At that time, not a single one of the more than sixty men who are now actively teaching in the school, had begun his work. Like President Eliot of Harvard, President Hyde of Bowdoin believed that the presidency of a medical school entailed obligations and opportunities. Long before the medical schools of this country had become targets for benevolent assault by boards and foundations, President Hyde, in the face of opposition, which was vigorous and sincere, determined that the Bowdoin Medical School should not remain commercial; and his determination prevailed. But when our school, like every medical school in America except one, encountered criticism which President Hyde believed to be unjust, his defense was spirited and prompt.

For exactly one-third of its life-time, the Bowdoin Medical School has been guided by its great leader. Even in the last year of his life, President Hyde was formulating plans for future increase in the endowment of the school.

Ours is a share in the legacy which this lifetime of joyous, keen-sighted devotion has left to Bowdoin College. In behalf of the teachers, the graduates, and the students of the Bowdoin Medical School, we place on record this expression of our gratitude for what President Hyde has done and for what he was.



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